

GREAT GERMAN ATTEMPT TO CAPTURE VERDUN

The Daily Mirror

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THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 24, 1916

One Halfpenny.

THE FATE OF THE CROWN PRINCE'S GASBAG IN FRANCE: A WRECKED ZEPPELIN IN FLAMES.

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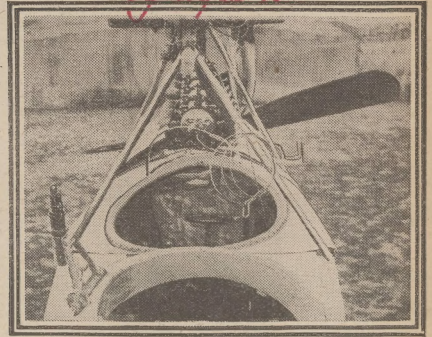
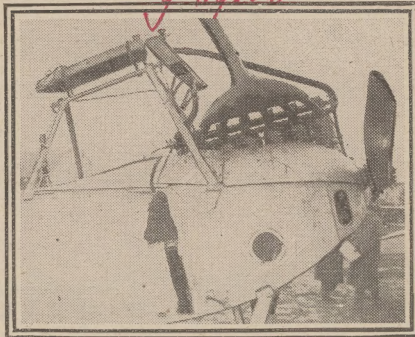
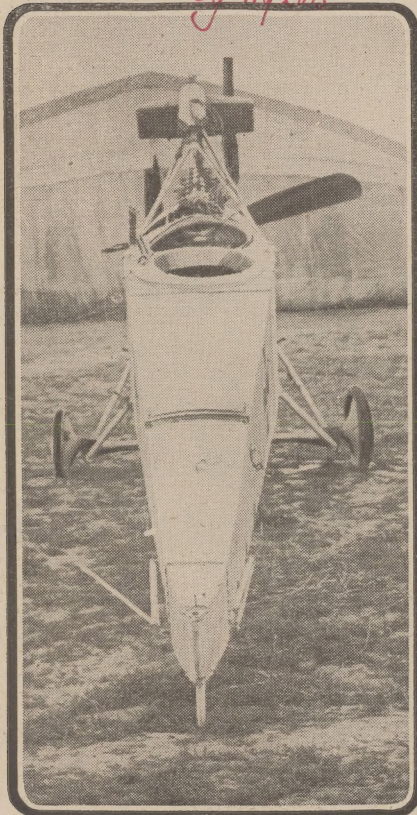


Blazing wreckage of the L 2, which caught fire in mid-air in 1913. This is probably what LZ 77 looks like now. Even before the war the gasbags had bad luck.

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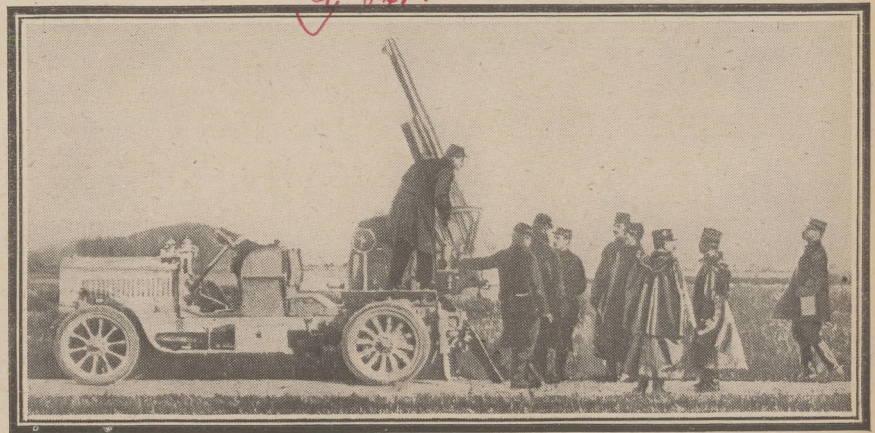
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Aviatik, showing where shell hit it.

Pilot's seat, showing the gun swivel.

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Wrecked Aviatik after its capture.

A French "75" mounted on a motor-car for use against aircraft. These guns have accounted for many aeroplanes.

The Germans have just had a bad day in the air. In addition to losing the LZ 77, there were several fights in the clouds between aeroplanes, and in every case the French were victorious. The Zeppelin which has just been destroyed was of a new naval type, and

was attached to the Crown Prince's army. It was hit by an incendiary shell. Three photographs on this page show a captured aeroplane. It is an Aviatik which, next to the Fokker, is the principal machine used by the Germans.

MAN WHO WOULD NOT FIRE AT ZEPPELIN.

Explanations by Conscientious Objectors at Tribunals.

THE FIGHT-SHYS.

Many interesting decisions were given yesterday at the various tribunals under the Military Service Act.

There was an increase in the number of conscientious objectors to military service, but not one of them sufficiently impressed the tribunals to gain total exemption.

Of four conscientious objectors who appeared at Wandstead only one succeeded in securing exemption from combatant service. Two others were refused, and the fourth was adjourned.

THE NO-CONSCRIPTIONIST'S WAY.

Would See His Mother Killed.—An electrician, aged twenty, Mr. L. H. Bacon, asked the Wandsworth Tribunal for total exemption, and said he believed in the sacredness of human life and the brotherhood of man.

He considered it was as big a crime to murder a foreigner in warfare as it was to murder one of his fellow-countrymen. He supported his mother.

The chairman said they all believed in the sacredness of human life, but we are face to face with war, and the defence of the country necessitates that men should be trained in the defence of their homes. If an enemy threatened to kill your mother and you were standing by and a rifle was lying beside you, what would you do?

"It depends on the state of one's mind at the time," replied Mr. Bacon.

The Clerk: Supposing a Zeppelin was dropping bombs and you were at an anti-aircraft gun, what would you do?

"I do not suppose I should stop it," said Mr. Bacon.

"WEARY WILLIE" FEELING.

The Clerk: But you would have an opportunity of saving your mother's and sister's lives. You would stand by with a gun at your hand and allow your home to be destroyed and your mother and sister killed?—Yes, I think I would. Applicant, who said he was a member of the No-Conscription body, was excused from combatant service only.

Does Not Want to Fight.—An applicant at Wandsworth asked for exemption, saying he felt depressed, down, and melancholy, in fact, he felt tired out.

The Mayor: A sort of Weary Willie feeling? Applicant: Yes, that kind of thing.

Don't you want to go into the Army?—No. Are you a conscientious objector?—Yes. In the first place I conscientiously object to fighting, and in another sense I do not think I am fit to fight.

The father of the applicant said he had two sons serving, one a prisoner of war. Applicant was mentally and physically unfit. At different seasons he was strange and peculiar. The claim was disallowed.

NO AIRMEN SENT UP.

Mr. Balfour Says German Seaplanes Were Not Seen by Our Lookouts.

Further details of the recent air raids on Lowestoft and Walmer were given yesterday in the House of Commons.

Answering Sir J. Lonsdale, Mr. Balfour said that on both attacks the enemy aeroplanes approached at a great height, and were not observed either by lookouts or patrols until they dived just before their bombs were dropped.

At each place naval fighting aeroplanes and seaplanes from the nearest naval air stations proceeded immediately in chase, but were unable to get into touch with the enemy machines.

Mr. Tennant told Sir J. Lonsdale that no military aeroplanes were sent up at Lowestoft, but that at Walmer the nearest station of the Royal Flying Corps received information at 11.35 a.m. that hostile aircraft had made an attack, and the first aeroplane from this station ascended at 11.45 a.m.

A WAR TRADE MINISTER.

Mr. Asquith announces the appointment of Lord Robert Cecil as War Trade Minister, with Cabinet rank.

A meeting of the Cabinet was held at 10, Downing-street yesterday morning, at which Lord Robert Cecil was present.

£50 DAMAGES FOR A DRIVER.

An accident in the City on a dark night was the subject of an action before Mr. Justice Darling yesterday.

Ernest Hewlett, a taxicab driver, of Acton Green, claimed damages for negligence against the Great Central Railway Company, saying a gatopost in the road leading to the Great Central Station at Marylebone was so badly lighted that he drove his car into it.

Mr. Gordon Hewart, K.C. (for the defendants), said it was necessary that railway termini should not be illuminated for the benefit of Zeppelins. Mr. Justice Darling ruled that there was evidence of negligence, and the jury thereupon returned a verdict in favour of the plaintiff for £50, an agreed sum of damages, and judgment was entered accordingly with costs.

CHEERS FOR THE KING

His Majesty Among His Farmer Subjects at Agricultural Hall.

PROCESSION OF FINE HORSES.

In a storm of blinding sleet the King and Queen, accompanied by Princess Mary, drove to the Agricultural Hall, Islington, to present the championship prizes at the Shire Horse Show.

"God Save the King" burst from the throat of every one of the thousands of men present as the King, in dark overcoat and silk hat, entered the royal box, and the singing of the anthem was succeeded by peal after peal of cheering.

In the royal box were also the Countess of Minto, Lord Stanmore, and Captain Godfrey-Faussett in attendance.

The royal party were received by Lord Northbourne, the president, and Mr. Robert Whitehead, the president-elect of the Shire Horse Society, of which his Majesty is patron.

A parade of the huge and sturdy prize-winners, gaily decorated with streaming ribbons of all colours and with ribbon woven into their straw plaits, took place before the King's departure.

His Majesty looked well, and extremely pleased by the obvious enthusiasm of his farmer subjects.

FEAR OF SUBMARINES.

Miss Claire Romaine's Refusal to Fulfil Contract and Visit Australia.

A music-hall artist's objection to make the voyage to Australia because of German submarines occurred at the attempt at a Divisional Court yesterday before which came the case of Foster's Agency, Ltd., v. Romaine.

The plaintiffs in the action appeal from a judgment of Judge Parry at the Lambeth County Court, which they are theatrical agents, who sued

Miss Claire Romaine, the well-known music-hall star, for commission said to be due on a contract to perform in Australia. The Judge in the court below gave judgment for Miss Romaine.

Mr. Schiller, K.C., in support of the appeal, stated that plaintiffs had been instrumental in procuring Miss Romaine an engagement in Australia for a period commencing in September, 1915, at a salary of £75 a week. The contract provided that she should pay plaintiffs a commission of 10 per cent. on her salary.

The point in the case was that the lady had refused to sail for Australia because of her fear of submarines.

The Judge in the court below decided that her fears were well founded, and it was reasonable for her to postpone the fulfilment of the contract.

Counsel contended that whatever the construction of the contract it had been broken by Miss Romaine.

The Court allowed the appeal with costs. Mr. Justice Hilley saying that although there might have been submarines in the Channel this did not justify the respondent from breaking her engagement when once she had contracted to go to Australia. Judgment would be given for £45 against the respondent.

Notice of appeal was given.

SUFFERED FROM TOO MUCH BED.

At the Thames Police Court Alfred Thomas Cressy, of Harford-street, Mile End, appeared to answer a summons charging him with neglecting to provide maintenance for his wife Lucy.

Although he held a good situation at a brewery he would not work, but persisted in lying in bed the greater part of the day and going without food.

In consequence he got into a weak condition, and the doctor who had examined him stated that he was not suffering from any trouble except insufficiency of food and too much bed. Mr. Cressy was granted a judicial separation, and allowed £10 a week.

UNITY AMONG LABOUR.

PARIS, Feb. 23.—Mr. G. J. Warrille, the Labour M.P. for Stockport and editor of the *Railway Review*, has made the following statement to the *Humanité*:—

"The British working classes have accepted the struggle imposed upon the Allies by the Central Empires with an energy, willingness and enthusiasm unprecedented in history."

"The party is more than ever resolved to support a policy which has been that of its deputies in Parliament."—*Reuter*.

M.P.s AND THEIR SALARIES.

Replying to Colonel Yate in the House of Commons yesterday, the Premier said that he did not intend to move a resolution that in the coming year no M.P. should receive an salary. Colonel Yate asked if the Prime Minister had received any representations from his own constituents on the subject.

Mr. Asquith: My constituents? No, sir.

24 HOURS OF SNOW.

Midlands Covered by Heavy Fall in Winter's Return to Peak District.

LONDON'S DAY OF SHIVERS.

There were two topics of conversation in the streets and in the clubs yesterday—the war and the weather.

Of these the weather came in for the most attention.

It is not often that London is covered with a mantle of snow, the forecast of an older day were fond of putting it. From some of the observations overheard yesterday it would appear that snow is as unwelcome to the man in the street as the super-tax probably is to the multi-millionaire.

An English poet (presumably) a good circulation, once said—or sang:

"'Tis the fairest scene we can have below."

Sing welcome, then, to the drifting snow!

Somewhat people forgot to sing welcome yesterday. They didn't sing at all. On the contrary, they growled, and even the mildest curate indulged in a little judicious grumbling.

At nine o'clock in the morning the thermometer in the City registered 35deg. Four hours later it had risen to 36, but, in spite of the change, nobody seemed any warmer.

Other parts of the country fared even worse than London. At Dover, for instance, there were ten inches of snow, and in the Peak district of Derbyshire there was a heavy, intermittent fall lasting for twenty-four hours.

London restaurateurs had a busy day. It began with a noon rush for hot soups, was followed by a heavy luncheon trade; and the restaurants were absolutely packed in the evening. The slightest touch of snow sends the average Briton back to good old-fashioned British fare.

SPRIGGED MUSLINS.

Economy Brings Reversion to Pretty Fashions.—Victorian Gowns.

No woman need be startled to see her great-grandmother sweetly tripping down Bond-street in fished elbow-sleeves, gown of creamy organdie, shaded by a wide-ribbed hat, a necklace of pearls, and a watch chain swinging from the wrist, which is adorned with a narrow bracelet of black velvet.

The dictates of economy have brought back the reign of sprigged or plain English muslins, which may be fancifully numbered at home.

Summer will truly be summer this year, even in the heart of London, when the streets are full of quaintly simple, crisp muslin gowns.

Never were daintier patterns worn than those being rapidly bought up by the fashion houses now, striped, flowered and fluted, for manufacture is difficult and orders have to be placed far in advance.

Line will take the place of muslins in working hours and washable cotton voiles will not be unknown in the canteen and under the munitioneer's overall.

A whimsical combination, the old world organdie and the noise of modern machines turning out bullets and shells, yet not incongruous.

There is nothing artificial in the full-bunched designs with softly falling fichus and short, frilled sleeves any more than there is in the woman who works for her men in the trenches.

The colours she chooses will be the colours of Nature—rose and green and the blue of deep water.

HER GERMAN MAID.

For transmitting a written message from the United Kingdom otherwise than by post, Elsie Louise Kamps, the German personal maid of the Hon. Mrs. Lytton, of Eton College, was fined £5 yesterday at Slough.

Defendant pleaded guilty, and said she was not acquainted with the regulations. It was an innocent letter to her sister in Germany, her only relative in the world. She had been in England for a year and a half.

Mr. Lytton wrote speaking highly of defendant's honesty of purpose, and Dr. Lytton, headmaster of Eton, in the witness-box gave defendant a splendid personal character.

5,652 POLICE ON WAR DUTY.

The Home Secretary, in a written answer to a question by Mr. W. Thorne, M.P., says:—

The actual strength of the Metropolitan Police Force on July 5, 1914, was 20,834, including 2,371 men serving in the fleet or with the colours.

A total of 5,652 members of the force are employed on naval and military duty. The strength of the special constabulary is 21,624, exclusive of 9,227 attested for the protection of the premises on which they are employed.

NOT THE TIME TO GIVE EXPERIENCES

Field-Marshal Viscount French yesterday performed the opening ceremony at the New Royal Baths at Bath.

Responding to the toast of his Majesty's Forces at a luncheon given in connection with the ceremony, Viscount French expressed gratitude to the Mayor and Corporation of the city for all they had done and the generosity and hospitality shown to the wounded who had returned from the front.

Mr. Gregor said this was not the time for him to recount some of his experiences at the front, but he hoped the time would come when he could do so.

RECTOR DIVORCES HIS WIFE.

Request to Husband to Pass as His Sister.

"I AM MISS NOW."

A remarkable story of a rector's marriage was told yesterday in the Divorce Court, when Mr. Justice Horridge and a common jury heard the petition of the Rev. Theophilus Roderick Willing, rector of North Hill, near Lancaster (Cornwall), asking to have his marriage dissolved because of misconduct between his wife and Mr. James Forrester.

Answers denying misconduct had been put in, but there was now no defence.

Mr. Bayford stated that the rector married his wife on February 4, 1913. There was a good deal of trouble with the wife's family, and in consequence in August, 1913, the wife and a lady friend went to stay at Plymouth.

"PASSED AS MISS WILLING."

Petitioner followed for a day, and then went on to Blackpool to deal with the family trouble. From that time, said counsel, Mrs. Willing seemed to have passed as Miss Willing and wrote to her husband letters, in which she said:—

"Please don't address my letters 'Mrs.' I am 'Miss' now. Good-bye, dear.' Heaps of love and kisses.—Yours always, Annie."

Counsel added that petitioner objected to this procedure, but after several days the wife went on to Brighton, where she still posed as unmarried. She wrote:—

"Dear Roddie,—So he (a gentleman at the boarding-house) thought I was your sister, and took me to see his father. If you should meet him, don't forget to speak of me as your sister, please."

Petitioner went to Brighton to get his wife to return home but failed, and the next morning she went home to Blackpool with her father. From that time petitioner and his wife never lived together.

HUSBAND'S FORGIVENESS.

On May 1, 1914, she summoned her husband for alleged desertion, and the proceeding were dismissed. Yet, in spite of that, petitioner wrote her:—

"Dear Annie,—I tried my best in the magistrate's room yesterday to ward off the serious consequences which would ensue should you insist upon proceedings against me. . . . I freely forgive you all the untruths you told in your court case, and am willing to have you back home again, in any trouble you will always find me your friend, ready to forgive and ready to help."

Should you still desire to remain away, I will not leave you penniless, but will send you

PAPER v. MUNITIONS.

The Government has decided that paper must be sacrificed to munitions, and many vessels that had to bring paper to this country will in future bring guns and food stuffs. Paper must be used carefully, and you can help to avoid waste by ordering your copy of "The Daily Mirror" in advance.

a cheque from time to time if you will accept the same. God bless you and forgive you, Annie. I have already forgiven you.—Yours, Roddie."

A reply came from the wife's solicitors to petitioner's solicitors requesting that future communications from him to his wife should be addressed to them.

Last year certain information came to the knowledge of Mr. Willing, and inquiries showed that from October, 1914, his wife had been living with the co-respondent, and that on July 23, 1915, a child was born.

Petitioner, in his evidence, denied that he had ever been guilty of cruelty towards his wife or conducted to her misconduct.

Evidence having been given as to respondent and co-respondent living together, the jury found misconduct between the respondent and co-respondent, no cruelty, or conduct conducive by the petitioner, and the Judge thereupon pronounced a decree nisi, without costs, as it had not been proved that co-respondent knew the respondent was a married woman.

POPE WANTS AIR RAIDS STOPPED.

ROME, Feb. 23.—The Pope has sent a request to the Austro-German Emperor to abstain from air raids during the war, and has demanded a guarantee for the safety of St. Mark at Venice and other churches.

The reply of the Papal Nuncio at Vienna, Cardinal Scapicchi, is awaited with considerable interest.—*Exchange*.

"WHY, IT'S HARRY!"

Five Cardiff brothers and their brother-in-law met recently at the front under remarkable circumstances.

Some of the brothers were coming out of the trenches and others going into the trenches, and they met in the middle of the road.

"Why, it's Harry!" said Bert, and a moment later they were welcoming Archie, Jack, Victor and their brother-in-law, Private B. Dorley, of the Welsh Regiment.

They are sons of Mr. and Mrs. George Griffiths, of Ruby-street, Cardiff.

GERMANS CUT TWO MILES HOLE IN FRENCH FRONT NORTH OF VERDUN

3,000 Prisoners Claimed in Fight for Road to Paris.

HUN UNITS CUT UP.

French Regain the Greater Part of Trenches in Wood.

RUSSIAN CHASE OF TURKS.

BATTLE ON VERDUN ROAD.

A great battle is in progress on the road north of Verdun, the French fortress which is 140 miles from Paris. The Germans state that they attacked on a six miles front and penetrated to a depth of two miles into the French lines.

They claim the capture of 3,000 prisoners. This is the biggest offensive on the western front since the Loos attack.

FRENCH REGAINING GROUND.

Berlin further claims that in Upper Alsace, east of Heidwiller, the Germans captured a position 700 yards wide and 400 yards deep.

The French report the recapture of some trenches in the Givenchy Wood. North of Verdun, says Paris, the infantry fighting has been continued on a front of nine miles. A violent battle is raging from the right bank of the Meuse to the south-east of Herbebois. The French have evacuated the village of Haumont, which is eight miles north-west of Verdun.

NO DESIGNS ON SWEDEN.

An important declaration, which should allay the fears of Sweden, was made by M. Sazonoff at the opening of the Duma. The Russian Foreign Minister stated that Russia's history does not impel her to the coast of Scandinavia.

"Russia," he said, "must obtain an outlet to a free sea in quite another direction." M. Sazonoff also made a striking reference to Rumania, expressing his conviction that she would not betray her own interests.

WOULD NEED 600,000 MEN TO ATTACK SALONIKA.

Greek General's Wholehearted Admiration of Allies' Scheme of Defence.

PARIS, Feb. 23.—The special correspondent of the Journal telegraphs from Salonika under yesterday's date that he was able to see General Moschopoulos, Commander of the 3rd Greek Army Corps, who accompanied General Sarraïl in an inspection of the defences of our front round Salonika.

In the course of an interview, the general said:—

"The work done by the British and French round Salonika is really admirable.

"I did not think before seeing it myself that such a state of perfection had been reached, or that it was possible for so much earth to be moved in so short a time.

"Another thing that struck me," he continued, "was the astonishing co-ordination effected between the various sectors.

"But what struck me most was, without doubt, the choice of emplacements and the dispositions of your batteries.

WANTS WORKS TO REPAIR.

"In such conditions I am no longer astonished that your enemies do not attack you.

"They would require more than 600,000 men and formidable artillery.

"For our part, as we have been authorised to study your works on the spot, I can assure you we consider them very complete models, of which we shall take good note.

"I may even tell you that when you leave Greek soil we shall undoubtedly ask France to leave us these works intact, and that we shall carefully keep them up.

"Nothing more useful could be done for the defence of the town, which has for centuries been the object of so much covetousness and the possession of which someone might think of disputing with us."—Reuters.

A spirit salesman was fined £5 or ten days' and four months' imprisonment at Glasgow for infringements of the No-Treating Order.

"RUSSIA MUST OBTAIN OUTLET TO FREE SEA."

Striking Declaration in the Duma After Tsar's Address.

An Address by the Tsar to the Duma is reported by Reuters.

The Tsar said:—
I rejoice at being able to join with you in the thanksgiving for the victory which our valiant army in the Caucasus has secured for our dear Russia.

I am convinced that you all, and each one of you, in the work for which you are responsible to the country and to me, will use all your experience and all your knowledge of local conditions, being guided solely by your warm love of your country, which will always help you and serve you as a guiding star in the accomplishment of your duty to the country and to me.

Below are extracts from the principal speeches delivered in the Duma:—

M. Rodsianko, President of the House: Referring to the fall of Erzerum, he described it as "the almost fabulous exploit of the fearless Russian soldier."

FIRST RAYS OF VICTORY.

He hailed in it the first rays of the dawn of victory, which is beginning to show on the distant front, giving a sign to our Army on the Western front, which is impatiently waiting for the happy moment when its turn shall come to crush the Teuton."

M. Rodsianko then greeted Russia's gallant Allies. His words were drowned in the outburst of cheers. All the members stood up and cheered wildly. The diplomatic representatives of the Allies rose from their seats in response to the ovation.

"Without victory," he said, "there shall be no peace, but a relentless fight to the end."

M. Sazonoff, Minister for Foreign Affairs: It is harder than ever to foresee when the end will come, but the more the German people's eyes are opened the greater grows their discontent, which is already beginning to be expressed openly.

The pledge of success is the close union of the Allies and the complete co-ordination of their efforts.

It is enough to recall the single example of the abominable murder of Miss Cavell to appreciate what life means under German domination. To the unhappy victims languishing in hard trial we can meanwhile only say, have courage, the hour of deliverance will strike.

Russia's history does not impel her towards the coasts of Scandinavia. She must obtain an outlet in a free sea in quite another direction.

RUMANIA'S HOUR.

Rumania has continued to maintain the state of neutrality she has chosen. The Entente Powers have adapted themselves to this situation, being convinced that Rumania will not betray her interests, and that when the hour strikes she will know how to realise her national unity at the cost of her own blood.

She may be certain that in defending herself against the attempts of the common enemy against the independence of her decisions she will find real support from those to whom go the natural sympathies of her people.

Our Allies in Gallipoli struggled obstinately to establish direct sea communication with us. Changes in the strategical situation demanded the departure of these troops, and part of them were sent to Salonika.

INDICTING THE KAISER.

Mr. William Thorne, in the House of Commons yesterday, asked the Home Secretary if his attention had been drawn to the verdict of a Staffordshire jury of "Wilful murder against the German Emperor and his son" in connection with recent Zeppelin raids and to an attempt of the coroner to prevent the jury giving such a verdict.

Mr. Samuel said he had no authority to issue instructions of this kind to coroners.

PEACE ONLY ON TERMS ALLIES WILL IMPOSE.

Premier Says, "We Will Not Abate Aims One Jot."

Mr. Asquith, in the House of Commons last night, stated that until the achievement of the conditions of peace laid down by him in his Guildhall speech were within sight neither we, nor our Allies, would moderate by one jot the prosecution of this war.

Mr. Fell asked the Under-Secretary for War if definite orders have now been given to all the forces in the Eastern Counties to fire with their rifles at Zeppelin airships whenever they come within range.

Mr. Tennant: I stated in June last that the orders were that all Zeppelins were to be fired at when they offered a target. I have nothing to add to that reply except that ball cartridge is available for the purpose in the hands of the troops.

Mr. Fell: I have the most explicit information that not only are there no orders to fire, but that they have actual orders not to fire at Zeppelins, however close they may be.

ITALY'S PART IN SEA WAR.

Mr. King asked the First Lord of the Admiralty whether the Italian Navy are co-operating under the command of the Naval Commander-in-Chief of the Allies in the Mediterranean.

Mr. Balfour said the general command in the Mediterranean was in the hands of the French Commander-in-Chief, Admiral Fournier.

In the Adriatic and its approaches the Italian Commander-in-Chief, the Duke of Abruzzi, was in command, and other local commands were assigned to British officers.

The best indication of the work which has been performed by the Allied Fleet in the Mediterranean was the successful transport of large military forces to Salonika and Valona, the successful evacuation of the Dardanelles and the transportation of the Serbian Army from Albania, a result chiefly due to the ability and energy displayed by the Italian Fleet.

TURKS CAUGHT IN TRAP BY RUSSIANS.

Army Corps Flying South Said To Be Almost Surrounded.

ROME, Feb. 22 (delayed).—A dispatch from Petrograd to the Corriere della Sera states that the Turkish army corps flying southwards is practically surrounded by the Russians as a consequence of the occupation of Mush.

The same fate occurred to the Turkish army corps retreating towards Erzerum. The Turks have commenced the evacuation of Trebizond since 100,000 men are without food or munitions and night fall into the Russians' hands.—Central News.

(RUSSIAN OFFICIAL.)

PETROGRAD, Feb. 22.—The official communiqué issued to-day says:—

In the Riga and Dvina sectors between Ogher and Frobenishoff numerous enemy aeroplanes dropped bombs. There was also violent artillery firing in the latter sector.

Portions of one of our Caucasian regiments made a successful reconnaissance in the district west of the northern part of Lake Stenton.

They annihilated the garrison of a German trench, 150 strong, with two officers, demolished the trench and repulsed by rifle and artillery fire enemy reserves which had hurried up.

They then regained their own lines, having taken several prisoners and captured a large number of rifles.

In the Smorgon district a Russian force broke through the enemy's barbed wire entanglements and invaded his trenches. Part of the garrison of the trench were bayoneted and the rest fled.

On the Caucasian front we are continuing the pursuit of the remnants of the Turkish Army.—Reuters.

ALL-NIGHT BATTLE OF VERDUN GUNS.

French Admit Loss of Village Which Cost Huns Heavy Price.

FIGHT IN MEUSE HILLS.

(GERMAN OFFICIAL.)

BERLIN, Feb. 23.—German Main Headquarters reports this afternoon:—

In the neighbourhood of the trenches captured by our troops on February 21 (Monday), to the east of Souchez, the enemy's positions were damaged considerably by means of a mining operation.

The number of prisoners taken here increased to eleven officers and 36 men. The booty consists of three machine guns.

In the Meuse Hills the artillery duels continued with undiminished violence.

To the east the River Meuse we attacked the position which the enemy has been fortifying for one year and a half with all the means of fortress construction in the neighbourhood of the village of Conservoye and Azannee in order to be able to maintain an embarrassing effect on our defence in the northern sector of the Woëvre.

The attack, which was delivered on a front extending well over six miles, penetrated as far as two miles into the enemy lines. Apart from considerable and sanguinary losses the enemy lost over 3,000 men in prisoners, as well as great quantities of material, the extent of which cannot yet be estimated.

In Upper Alsace an attack to the east of Heidwiller resulted in the capturing of an enemy position extending over a width of 700 yards and a depth of 400 yards. On this occasion about eighty prisoners fell into our hands.

In numerous aerial engagements behind the enemy lines our airmen maintained the upper hand.

Eastern and Balkan Theatres.—The situation remains unchanged.—Wireless Press.

BATTLE FOR HAUMONT.

(FRENCH OFFICIAL.)

PARIS, Feb. 23.—This afternoon's official communiqué states:—

In Artois we have retaken some sections of trenches in the Givenchy Wood. In the region to the North of Verdun the enemy bombardment, energetically resisted by us, continued in the course of the night.

The infantry engagements have developed on a front altogether of about nine miles. The struggle continues with violence from the right bank of the Meuse as far as the south-east of Herbebois.

We have evacuated the Village of Haumont, of which we hold the outskirts, after a desperate combat, where our troops inflicted on the enemy very heavy losses.

To the east of this point a counter-attack enabled us to retake the greater part of the Carnoy Wood, situated in the salient occupied yesterday by the enemy to the North of Beaumont. A strong German attack directed against Herbebois was stopped dead by our curtain fire.

According to the statements of prisoners certain German units were completely destroyed in the course of these engagements. A slow and continuous artillery duel was fought in the region of Haute Charrière and of Fromezey.

In Lorraine, in the region of Nomeny, our artillery showed considerable activity. An enemy reconnoitring party to the north of Letricourt was not able to reach our lines.—Exchange.

VERDUN'S RING OF FORTS.

Verdun is a strongly fortified town in the Department of Meuse, 140 miles from Paris and twenty-eight miles north of Bar-le-Duc.

Eleven forts encircle the town, which occupies a position of very great importance. It was a very old cathedral and a library of 50,000 volumes.

BIG ALLIED RAID.

AMSTERDAM, Feb. 23.—Messages from Southern Limburg state that loud and repeated alarm signals by horns and sirens were heard yesterday from the direction of Belgium, just within the frontier, and a few moments later no fewer than eighty loud explosions were audible.

A quarter of an hour later there were two further series of explosions, thirteen on the first occasion and twenty-one on the second. It was evident that bombs of varying size were being dropped.

It is believed a great raid was in progress with a view to the destruction of the railway track railway constructed by the Germans between Aix-la-Chapelle and Vise.

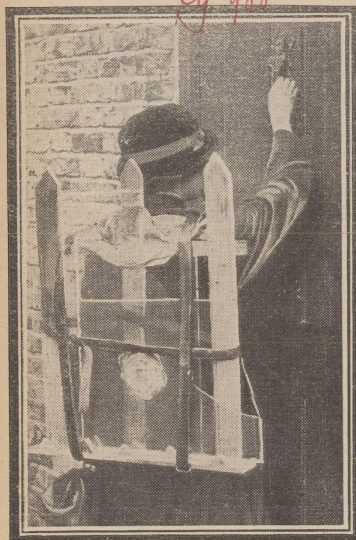
It is not without significance that a number of aeroplanes also flew over Liege and were fired upon.—Central News.

Mr. Bonar Law informed Mr. Pratt in the House of Commons yesterday that the extent of the Colonial possessions of the German Empire before the war was between 1,100,000 and 1,150,000 miles.

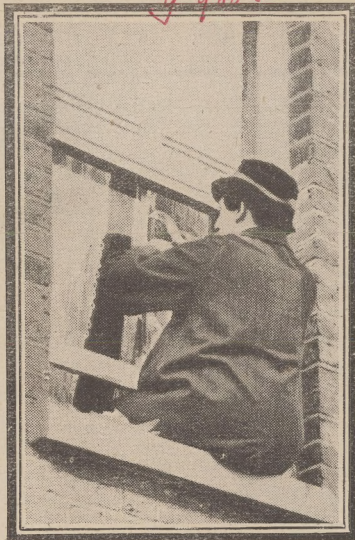


Prior to inspecting the baths for soldiers at Bath yesterday Lord French reviewed a section of the Army Service Corps.

WOMAN GLAZIER NOW WORKING IN LONDON.



A woman glazier, who carries on business in Kentish Town, arriving at a house and putting in a new pane. It will be noticed that she uses one of the old-fashioned glass carriers, which are seldom seen nowadays.



NEW FILMS



Mr. Claude Harris, the well-known photographer, who is to adapt his successful method of lightning portraiture to films.

MARY PICKFORD.



The famous film star, as she appeared recently at a performance for destitute actors in New York.

DID YOUR CHILD WAKE UP CROSS OR FEVERISH?

Look, Mother! If Tongue is Coated, give "California Syrup of Figs" to Clean the Bowels.

Mother! Your child isn't naturally cross and peevish. See if the tongue is coated; this is a sure sign that its little stomach, liver and bowels need attention at once.



When listless, pale, feverish, "stuffy" with cold, throat sore; when the child has tainted breath and doesn't eat, sleep or act naturally, or has stomach-ache or diarrhoea, remember, a gentle liver and bowel cleansing should always be the first treatment given.

Nothing equals "California Syrup of Figs" for children's ills; give a teaspoonful, and in a few hours all the waste-matter, sour bile and fermenting food clogged in the bowels pass out of the system, and you have a healthy and playful child again. All children love this harmless, delicious "fruit laxative," and it never fails to effect a good "inside cleansing." Directions for babies, children of all ages and grown-ups are plainly on the bottle.

Keep it handy in your home. A little given to-day saves a sick child to-morrow, but get the genuine. Ask your chemist for a bottle of "California Syrup of Figs," then look and see that it is made by the "California Fig Syrup Company." Imitations are sometimes substituted. All leading chemists sell "California Syrup of Figs," 1s. 3d. and 2s. per bottle. Refuse substitutes.

RUSSIAN NURSE IN SERBIAN RETREAT.



Sister Monschikova, one of the Russian nurses who took part in the retreat from Serbia. She is here seen with Austrian prisoners, who carried the baggage.

FOR WAR HORSES



Mrs. Mallaby Deeley, who has sent ten miles of bandages for the wounded horses at the front. More are needed. —(Russell.)

"ROUEN FOLLIES" ON TOUR.



They are all wounded London Territorials who, being convalescent, are visiting the base hospitals in the neighbourhood of Rouen to entertain their comrades. Three of the party are in the Queen Victoria Rifles.

FARMING WOMEN'S WAR TOUR.



Professor Salmon, of University College, Reading, with the party of women experts in farming who left London to tour France yesterday. They are going to learn how the peasant women are carrying on agriculture while the men are in the Army. The party includes a farmer's daughter and a Board of Trade representative.

Excruciating Pain Stopped

Sloan's Liniment is the swiftest pain-killer that has ever been known. No matter how severe the pain may be, no matter how long you have been suffering, a few drops of Sloan's Liniment will ease the pain at once. And remember, there is no need to rub it in—it penetrates itself.

SLOAN'S LINIMENT

KILLS PAIN

Mr. T. O. Sill, 9, Day Street, Aspley,

Huddersfield, writes:—

"After being bad with Rheumatism for nearly eight months, I tried your Liniment and I was able to start work in ten days. I have now been working for 18 weeks and if I feel any pain, I just put a drop of Sloan's Liniment on, and it is gone by the morning."



Sloan's Liniment is most effective in relieving the pain of Rheumatism, Sciatica, Neuralgia, Sprains, Bruises, and all affections of the throat and chest.

Sold by all Chemists, 1/1½ and 2/3.

FREE SAMPLE

Send your name and address and three penny stamps for postage of trial bottle FREE. Wholesale Depot: 88, Clerkenwell Road, London, E.C.

Daily Mirror

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 24, 1916.

MORE AND MORE.

SHOULD there be more Ministers, or fewer Ministers, for the conduct of the war?

After thinking it over for a year and a half, our rulers have evidently voted for more, not fewer.

This is natural, this is inevitable; because at once war brings into being new services, new departments, requiring new direction from old men. War effects an immediate shifting of all values. Certain mandarins who had much to do before the war now sink into relative insignificance. And a public that is urged to economise thereupon retaliates by insisting that these Ministers should, for the moment, take less money for less work.

Is that a crude, an impertinent way of putting it?

Say, then, that the posts whose values have been diminished should now be abolished and their occupants be transferred to war work. It is happening all over the Civil Service. Why not in the Ministry itself?

At present, however, nobody is being abolished, while plenty of people are being created. The mandarin grows in bulk. It is presumably a consequence of the process of specialisation and disintegration called civilisation. Civilisation specialises—therefore separates men. It is a process of growing different. It is the growth of individualism.

Try to control it with a few men, simply! Your few soon grow into a few hundreds. Swollen royal and national councils—the Privy Council—split into a Cabinet.

Then the Cabinet itself, far too big, divides into smaller Cabinets, inner councils.

Still new departments grow up. New Ministers are wanted.

An Air Minister conceals a modest face under another name. A Blockade Minister has just arrived.

But one Air Minister will not suffice for the next war. Nor one Blockade Minister.

The next war will reveal the need for a special Blockade Cabinet, composed of all Blockade Ministers—Butter Minister, Margarine Minister, Sugar Minister, Iron-Ore Minister—all engaged in keeping these special commodities away from the enemy. And the next war will have its Air Cabinet—with Zeppelin Minister, Taube Minister, Fokker Minister. And when each fails to keep off each special bomb, each will resign.

No! We forget—each will refuse to resign. Each will announce that nothing will induce him to resign, for ever.

Thus shall Civilisation march on. Civilisation means complication. Complication means more Ministers. More Ministers mean more money. But Civilisation was never supposed to be cheap.

W. M.

SONG.

I prithee send me back my heart,
Since I can not have thee;
For if from yours you will not part,
Why then shouldst thou have mine?

Yet now I think on't, let it lie,
To find it were in vain;
For thou'lt a thief in every eye
Would steal it back again.

Why should two hearts in one breast lie,
And yet not lodge together?
Oh love! where is thy sympathy,
If thus our breasts thou sever?

But love is such a mystery,
I cannot find it out;
But when I think I'm best resolved,
I then am in most doubt.

Then farewell care, and farewell wo,
I will no longer pine;
For I'll believe I have her heart
As much as she has mine.

—SIR JOHN SUCKLING.

PEOPLE WHO CHATTER ABOUT WAR SECRETS

NEED FOR CONTROL OVER THE CASUAL GOSSIPMONGER.

By WILLIAM POLLOCK.

A FEW days ago I was in the smoking-room of a well-known City restaurant.

Two tables away, sitting over their coffee, were three soldiers—two of them Colonials, the third belonging to an English regiment. One of the Colonial soldiers was talking in a loud, penetrating voice. He was saying the most amazing and, if true, intensely confidential things about the guns mounted in a certain part of the country from which he hailed.

He spoke, so he declared, from actual personal knowledge, and the disclosures he was babbling forth rose clearly above the subdued conversation in that particular part of the room in which he was. Had it been my business to keep my ears open in the interests of an enemy

languages have been—and are wagging in railway carriages, restaurants, clubs, theatre bars and vestibules, hotels and public-houses, omnibuses, dining and drawing rooms, and even the streets.

That lying jade rumour sets the majority of them wagging, of course, but more or less accurate information trips from a good many "unruly members" in the know about things.

A man bursting with first-hand information about a big new munitions factory in the Midlands made it quite impossible for me to concentrate upon my morning paper in the train a week or so ago.

INFORMATION GRATIS.

With the authority of one who had been and seen and had business there, he told his companion—and incidentally a good many others in the carriage—exactly where the factory is, how many men are employed there, what they are making, and several other facts that, say, the director-in-chief of Zeppelin raids on this country would have paid handsomely for.

But, heinous though these two instances of uncurbed tongues are, I think the very worst

MODERN CHILDREN.

A DEFENCE OF THEIR WAYS BY ONE WHO KNOWS THEM.

A PRIEST'S EXPERIENCE.

I HAVE followed the correspondence on the modern child with a certain amount of interest and amusement, but with a great deal of impatience.

I am a clergyman in a busy town parish. In my work I have much to do with children of all classes, ages and sizes. I meet them in their homes, in the streets, in day schools, in Sunday schools, in church and in various parochial activities.

But, far from being disgusted with the child of to-day, I find him full of charm and interest.

The unlovely qualities detailed by your numerous unhappy correspondents certainly do not come within my experience.

I admit that many children are capricious and contrary (I love them for it). So were we when we were children.

Perhaps sterner parents frightened us into outward submission, but what was the result? Hidden rebellion.

Again, I admit that children often appear callous. But there is no reserve so strong as a child's reserve. One result of modern tendencies to frankness in adults has been an increase of shyness in children, where the deeper feelings are concerned. Childhood is full of bitter secret griefs, bravely borne and bravely hidden from the grown-ups, who do not understand.

The little hearts are most responsive to natural spontaneous kindness. I feel a great sympathy for your cartoonist's little boy who loved the affectionate, purring pussy better than the haughty, caged beasts and who found a kindred spirit in the smiling programme-seller rather than in the actors who never looked his way and who talked of things unintelligible to him.

I am honestly sorry for the many whose letters I have read who appear to have lost their greatest possession—the childish heart.

THE GOSPEL EXAMPLE.

I THINK "B. M. Y." should remember that when at the age of twelve our Lord was found by His parents disputing with the doctors in the Temple. He returned home to Nazareth with them and was subject unto them.

This might be an example to our children.

F. MARTINES HULK.

IN MY GARDEN.

FEB. 23.—Vegetables are so interesting to grow, and, if properly looked after, so profitable, that they should be grown in all save the smallest gardens this season.

The first thing to do is to get the soil in good condition by digging during dry weather. Broad beans and parsnips can now be sown, also early peas on a sunny border. Shallots should be set in rows 10in. apart, the bulbs being 7in. apart. Plant rhubarb and Jerusalem artichokes. Hoe beds of spring cabbage and plant out onion sets.

E. F. T.

IF ANCIENT AND MODERN CHILD COULD MEET!



What an amusing imaginary conversation would take place!—modern child refusing to obey, ancient child horribly shocked at such disobedience.—(By Mr. W. K. Haselden.)

Power I should have had the material for quite a long report out of what he said. So would any one of the ten or so other men sitting within earshot of him.

Perhaps such a report might have contained matter that was stale or inaccurate—or both; on the other hand, it might not. In the latter case, the enemy power acquainted with it would without question have been very greatly interested, if nothing more.

Fortunately, neither I nor so far as one could judge) anyone else who could have overheard this foolish jabber at word happened to be in the pay of the enemy. But that does not in the least minimise what was an offence against the safety of the realm.

People who talk in public as this soldier did need pulling up very smartly, and one therefore hopes that the "certain steps to watch and trap" such folk, which Major-General Sir Francis Lloyd, in command of the London district, has announced will be carried out with the utmost rigour. Far too many gossiping

example I have met with occurred during the early days of the German submarine "blockade."

I happened to be at a certain port on the day that a U boat's little game was put a permanent stop to. The Admiralty announcement on the subject was brief; it merely stated that a German submarine had been sunk off So-and-so.

Walking through the harbour I got into conversation with a man whom I took to be a harbour policeman. He wanted no coaxing to tell me exactly how the submarine had been sunk, and where, when, and by what means; where the rescued crew of her had been taken to—everything, in fact, that it occurred to me to ask him in respect to the sinking.

For all he knew, I might have been the greatest German spy unshot, and that what he told me was correct I judged by the perfectly open conversation of two North Sea pilots who travelled part of the way back to London with me later on; they repeated, fact for fact, what the harbour policeman had so readily told me.

In France, at the beginning of the war, notices were displayed in trains and other public places which say, in effect, "Don't blab war secrets. Spies are listening"; and in Germany similar warnings are given.

Here, however, the blabber of war secrets has gone on for nineteen months unchided and unmolested.

He has gabbled a mass of mere nonsense for the most part, of course, but, here and there and now and then, he has let drop facts of great value to Berlin. What adequate steps to watch for and trap "the mischievous tattler or war secrets can be taken remain to be seen.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

Why wilt thou then defer thy good purpose from day to day? Arise and begin in this very instant, and say, "Now is the time to be doing, now is the time to be stirring, now is the fit time to amend thyself.—A Kempis.

DEAN PLANTS TREE AT 88.

P3362



The Dean of York, the Very Rev. A. P. Purey-Cust, commemorates his eighty-eighth birthday by planting a tree in the grounds of the deanery. He is seen placing the soil round the root.

ACTS AS WAITRESS.

P2793



Gertrude Lady Decies on duty at the Alexandra Hut for officers, London. She has just recovered from injuries received while working in a hospital in France. She is greatly interested in the wounded in Africa, and is also working on their behalf.

MARQUIS AND HIS

P2820



Lord Downshire.



The Marquis of Downshire, who is a special. During his duties the Marquis has driven his a special.

A PATROL BOAT HERO.

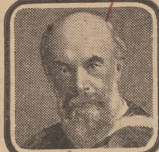
P18656



Seaman-Stoker J. Maloney wearing the bronze medal and holding the certificate awarded to him by the Royal Humane Society for risking his own life in an endeavour to save a ship's engineer who fell into Millwall Dock last October. Maloney is on the deck of the patrol boat on which he is serving.

SIR G. MARTIN.

P6840



The organist at St. Paul's, who has died.— (Elliott and Fry.)

HEAVY FALL OF SNOW IN LONDON YESTERDAY.

P1059A



A snowball fight on Hampstead Heath. The girl helped to repel a vigorous attack.



Soldiers on the march along a country lane on the outskirts of the metropolis.

NAVAL A



Flight Sub-Lieutenant R.N., who is an of ho

ON AS "SPECIALS."

P2820



Lord Hillborough.



le at Wokingham, saluting his superintendent. ar 22,000 miles. His son, Lord Hillborough, is same town.

WAR CHIEF'S TASK.

P23582



General Hugh L. Scott, who is to be Temporary War Secretary in the States. He will have a hard task, as the American people seem determined to have the country placed on a war footing ready for any eventuality. At the moment they are not prepared.

THE TSAR IN A DUG-OUT.

P1502



When he visits the front the Tsar inspects everything thoroughly and makes himself familiar with the conditions under which his soldiers live and fight.

BRAVE SCOUT AND D.C.M. BROTHER.

P18653

P18655

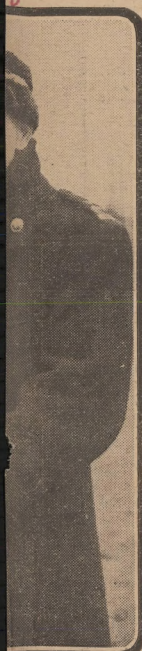


Sapper F. W. Finch, Bernard's brother. He has won the D.C.M.



Bernard Finch, a sea scout, aged sixteen, who was the means of saving the lives of thirty-six children and two adults who were cut off by the tide at Ramsgate last Sunday. Finch, who lives in West Ham, swam out to the party and, with the help of some soldiers, rescued them all. He was badly bruised.

N KILLED.



Francis H. Toms, Armen on the roll Birkett.)

WITH THE BRITISH FORCES IN NYASSALAND.

P325



Native troops with a field gun. The ammunition is carried by blacks on a long pole.



A good haul of booty, including rifles, taken after a skirmish with the ene my near Karonga.



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are daily using and praising

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PART III.—How Strong Men Become Weak—Leakage of Nerve Power—Giddiness and Fainting—Epileptic Fits—How to Build Up a Sound Constitution.

PART IV.—Asthma—Its Cause and Cure—The Danger of Neglect—How Nervous Debility and Indigestion May Bring on Asthma—The Danger of Influenza—Shortness of Breath and Blood Spitting—Is Consumption Curable?—Ulcers in the Lungs.

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PART VI.—Biliousness and Liver Complaints—The Nausea and Headache of Dyspepsia—Important Questions of Diet—Flatulence, Heart Palpitation.

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NOTICE!—It will come as additionally welcome news, then, to learn that the Proprietors of "Solar Elixir" have promised to send to anyone who is ailing, and wishes to test this preparation, a generous Test Supply free of cost, on receipt of an additional 3d. stamps to cover cost of postage. Thus, if you require the "Anti-Lancet" and "Solar Elixir," send 3d. in stamps, if "Anti-Lancet" only, send 1d. stamp for postage.

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swear by Dunlops
than to swear at
other makes.

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pocket, and the best
tyre at the price."



LOVE ME FOR EVER

By META
SIMMINS



Olive Chayne.

New Readers Begin Here. CHARACTERS IN THE STORY.

OLIVE CHAYNE, a girl of unusual charm and looks, but with plenty of character.

RICHARD HEATHCOTE, a straightforward, rather rugged type of man, whose affections are sound.

RUPERT HEATHCOTE, his good-looking cousin, who lacks balance.

OLIVE CHAYNE is day-dreaming by the fire. Far down in her heart an imprisoned memory stirs restlessly.

She had been so certain that Rupert Heathcote loved her.

Her memories carried her back to a garden. The Heathcotes had been giving a farewell dance to Richard Heathcote, Rupert's cousin, who was going out to West Africa.

Oliver had never quite understood Dick. He is very different from Rupert, the man she loves. At times he has been very friendly with her—and then he has been almost a stranger.

Oliver closes her eyes with a sense of sick shame as the web of memories spins out. Something had betrayed her secret to Rupert that night in the garden. She had showed him all her heart then.

... this man who had only been philandering. And then he had winked away and left her.

Then she remembered how Dick had come across the lawn—a changed Dick. It was as though he knew. He had been splendid, and her sore heart had been soothed.

But through it all she knew that there was only one man she loved—Rupert. And the evening came when a few weeks later he had gone out to join Dick.

As Olive Chayne sits there thinking a letter arrives. It comes from West Africa, and it is signed R. Heathcote. In a very frank, straightforward way it asks her to go out there and marry him.

Olive Chayne changed. And so Rupert really loves her after all. Then the telephone rings. It is her father. He tells her that he will need all her help in a crisis in his life.

In a moment all Olive Chayne's hopes are dashed to the ground. She remembers that she promised that she would always look after her father. She has a breaking heart, she writes a letter back to Rupert Heathcote saying that she must refuse.

The next day she hears her father's news. It is that he is going to get married again. With a shock Olive realises that she has made her sacrifice in vain. He decides to go to Africa.

Olive Chayne arrives in West Africa, and Rupert Heathcote meets her.

He begins to apologise for Dick's absence. He talks so much about Dick that the terrible truth is forced upon Olive that she has come out to marry the wrong man—she had mistook the signature in the letter.

She manages to deceive both Rupert and Dick for the time being, but all her terrors are revived when Rupert receives the letter which she had originally sent to him. He refuses to give it to her. Olive and Dick are married. One evening there is an angry argument, and Rupert bursts out the truth and shows Richard Olive's letter.

Dick is dumbfounded, but controls himself. To add to the situation, a cable arrives saying that the property has been sold to a new owner. Dick wanders into the forest to think, and finds a woman traveller who has lost her way. She turns out to be the new owner, though her name is Anita Beresford. Olive, through ill-health, returns to England alone, and in Africa Mr. Beresford tells Dick that she is really the wife of his old chief.

A man named Duprez whom Dick strikes for insulting "Mrs. Beresford" awakes to the situation. Mad with drink, which Rupert has dishonourably obtained for them, the natives rise and harm the hunter. He is reported to be killed. Dick, after being wounded, returns to England, and he and Olive find that they have both been deceived.

Duprez intervenes with blackmail, and to keep him from Dick Olive makes an appointment with him to know his price.

PAYING THE PRICE.

As Duprez paused there, smiling at her, the line of his thin lips drawn back from her lips like the lips of a snarling dog, Olive lived a moment of the most exquisite humiliation—a moment so poignant in its bitterness that it was not to be excelled even by that moment in the hotel at Umballa, when she had realised that she had travelled across the sea to marry a man who had never thought of marriage in connection with her.

Then Duprez laughed—a soft, silken laugh—that reminded her, as it had once reminded Dick, of Rupert's hateful, yet charming laugh.

"Oh, not yourself, dear Mrs. Heathcote," he said, with a little spreading movement of his hands. "I respect you too much, sympathise with you too much, to add a feather's weight to the burden fate has already laid on your shoulders. No, my dear lady—the one price that can appeal to a man like myself—is money."

(Translation, dramatic and all other rights secured.)

You are well dowered with this world's goods—you and the man to whom you are tied—I am a poor man. I ask for the redistribution of capital, so to speak—that is all."

"A common blackmailer," Olive could not resist saying. "You choose to play a very dangerous hand, Mr. Duprez. The law in this country is very severe upon such persons as yourself."

"Not so severe, if you will forgive me for reminding you of the fact, as the law against the illicit sale of alcohol to natives on the West Coast of Africa."

She had given the man the opening, she realised that. Her face, that had been very pale throughout this intolerable interview, flushed painfully.

How much would this man demand?

"What is your price?" she demanded brusquely. "We are not, as you appear to imagine, rich people."

Duprez lighted a long, thin, yellow-looking cigarette, looking at her critically through the haze of blue smoke that he puffed out.

"I am sorry to have to contradict you, madam—relatively speaking you are passing rich. Besides, the point in question is: What is most valuable to you—your husband's good name or a certain number of bank notes?"

A wave of nausea passed over Olive, a moral sickening at the situation in which she found herself. It was all so sordid.

The impulse came to the girl to throw up the contest there and then—to tell Dick the truth and let him deal with the man as best he could. Then she remembered her promise to her husband, his illness, all those grave warnings that the doctor had given her only a few days since.

She decided quickly that she must come to terms with Duprez, for the present at least. Later, when Dick was stronger, the matter could be thoroughly sifted.

Olive repeated her question.

"Mr. Duprez," she said, "I charged his shoulders lightly. 'Oh, since Mr. Heathcote insists upon using you as his ambassador, I must perforce be lenient. I shall be content with a first payment on account of, say—£500—'"

"Five hundred pounds!" Olive repeated mechanically.

To her the sum was a fortune. Where was she to lay hands on five hundred pounds? She had retired to England that she enjoyed the income derived from the increased value of the securities of which Mrs. Heathcote had spoken. Dick had made arrangements to pay into her account the sum of £100, and a further sum of £150 in quarterly instalments. But £500!

"Impossible!" she burst out vehemently.

"I am sorry—then it is for me to act," Duprez said nonchalantly. "I ask my price and name it. I might have been harsh and peremptory—I might have demanded the whole sum in one round payment—instead, for your sake—and your sake alone—I am merciful."

"To ask is not always to receive," Olive said. "I will give you £50 now—and remit another £50 when you return to Africa. That is the utmost that I will give you."

Then, madam—the man lounging against the arch straightened himself and glanced at the watch on his wrist—"I have the honour to bid you good morning."

Olive took a step forward, looked at the impassive face, and paused. The man meant what he said; her instinct told her that. He was not to be moved by threats or entreaties, had it been possible for her to bring herself to utter entreaty.

And—afterwards! she asked, and hated herself for the little tremor that broke her voice.

"Afterwards there is no more of reopening of negotiations, madam," Duprez assured her. "It is now—or never, so far as Mr. Heathcote is concerned. 'You do not appear to be aware that there are already whisperings abroad about your husband's name. I have the power to transform those whispers into shoutings from the house-tops. There is a certain journal in this country that already is willing to pay a high price I choose to ask for my version of those happenings at Narakota—for the true reason that led to the uprising of the natives in which Mr. Rupert Heathcote met his death. When you leave me this morning I go straight to the office of that journal and receive my cheque on account.'"

A little shiver ran over Olive. Not for a moment did she doubt that the man spoke the truth. Suddenly, almost unexpectedly to herself, after the manner of women, she capitulated.

"I will pay you your price," she said. "But how am I to know that you will keep the bargain you make with me?"

"The word of a man of honour," Duprez said expansively, and as she smiled he added, quite unabashed: "My signature over some document to be approved by us both."

"How long can you wait? I cannot promise anything sooner than a week."

"I will wait the convenience of madam for a week then."

He bowed her down the stairs. Like a woman in a dream Olive went out into the crowded street.

She had promised to give this man £500 within a week.

Where, in pity's name, would she find the money?

"I must have been mad," she said aloud as she went, and heeded nothing of the curious eyes that the low-spoken women drew to her troubled face.

FATHER AND DAUGHTER AGAIN.

TO Olive the solution of the question that had tormented her all the way back to London seemed to lie in a letter she found waiting for her on her return.

It was a letter from her father, written from the address of the old home in the quaint old square that lay tucked away dreaming and half-forgotten behind Westminster Abbey.

"Quite unexpectedly we two wanderers have returned to the old nest," Mr. Chayne wrote, and I hasten now to ask you to come and see me without delay. My eyes have ached for a sight of you all these long, long months of separation. 'Phone when you can come—Heathcote can surely spare you for a day or two."

The letter brought a little glow to Olive's heart. It had come at a moment when she had felt most terribly alone and full of fear. The warmth and affection of it brought tears to her eyes.

Then, as she read it through again, came the thought that with her father lay Dick's salvation and her own. She would ask Mr. Chayne to lend her the money until Dick was in a better state of health, and in the meantime she could begin almost immediately to make repayment to him out of her dress money.

She showed the letter to Dick.

"Why, of course, darling, you must go when you wish and stay as long as you wish," he said. He could not, however, refrain from adding a characteristic little amendment:

"Don't stay very long, sweetheart," he said. "My dear, silly boy," Olive kissed him lightly. "I haven't the least intention of taking up my residence in Fifth-square. Dad writes like that—but there is Mrs. Chayne to be considered! But I'll phone straight away."

She was fortunate enough to catch Mr. Chayne on the telephone, but the voice that came back to her had a shade less cordiality than she had imagined it would have when she read his letter.

"Is that actually Olive? How are you, my dear child? Of course, I want to see you—when will you come? This afternoon? Well, I am not quite sure of Eve's engagements. I might have to give her some notice. Oh, not to stay? Just a peep in to see me? Delighted, my darling—delighted. I shall look for you about five o'clock."

Olive rang off. For a moment or two she stood by the library table, feeling a return of the depression that had lifted so miraculously when, as it had seemed, her father's providential return had opened up a way of escape to her.

She imagined that Dick's lips curved in a little smile when she recounted the conversation she had had over the wire. She was vexed. Dick had never done her father justice.

She looked at him furtively as she sat pretending to read and wondered how she had found it possible to give him even that light caress for which he had held up his face a moment since.

What was this man Duprez said were true this man who had the right to ask her kisses was

little better than a murderer. This man she had learned to love was a scoundrel and a coward. Oh, it couldn't be true—it couldn't!

Across the room her eyes met the cold gaze of Dick's honest eyes. She looked at the fine, strong lines of his face, the whole fearless pose of him.

It wasn't true. She told herself that fiercely. Yet she did not cross the room to him before she went upstairs to dress. She flung a laughing excuse to him and hurried from the room. All the way to Westminster, in spite of herself, she felt herself regretting the kindness she had refused to give the man who depended so utterly on her.

Mr. Chayne received his daughter in the library, where, on that winter morning long months since, he had broken to her the news of his impending second marriage.

Olive, looking at her father, was surprised to see how greatly he had changed. He had aged, she thought, and looked harassed and careworn.

Almost as he guessed at her thoughts, he alluded to his own appearance.

"You find me looking a bit worried, I expect, Olive," he said. "Frankly, I am. I have had to return to town on some rather pressing business. There is a depression in the markets just now; I cannot understand it at all."

Olive was conscious of a little sinking of the heart. If this were the state of affairs, it was in a high degree improbable that her father would care to lend her money. With the desperate courage of one who is compelled to do a favour and loathes the task, she blurted out something of her thought.

"I hope you are only joking, dad," she said, "because I wanted to ask you a favour."

"Not for money, Olive!" Mr. Chayne cried out before she could complete her sentence. "Don't ask me, my dear girl. I should be compelled to refuse, and I should have to do that. Surely you cannot need money!"

Before Olive could reply the door opened and her stepmother came into the room.

Olive—Mrs. Chayne went forward effusively. She was tall and very fair and slim, a woman who at all hours of the day wore an immense amount of jewellery and looked herself not at all unlike a badly-cut jewel, very bright and hard—it is so good of you to come to welcome us home," she murmured.

Olive made some suitable reply, but her eyes were on the rings that encrusted her stepmother's hands, those lovely and rare rings that had been so familiar to her on the slim white fingers of her own mother.

And as she looked at them a thought came to Olive—a thought that had never crossed her mind until that moment. Those rings were hers—not this woman's. All her mother's jewels had been left to her.

And those jewels were worth far, far more than £500.

There will be another fine instalment to-morrow.

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Lady Salisbury.

material for Hatfield House. For nearly 300 years the hall served as the stables.

The War Spoilt Lord Salisbury's Library.

Just before the war I learn that Lord Salisbury intended to use the hall as a library for the unique Cecil papers. Heat was laid on and proper flooring put in, and it was to be connected by a subterranean passage with Hatfield House. The war interrupted all this, and to-day it is a workroom.

No Suggestions Wanted.

A friend in close touch with the Treasury tells me that Mr. McKenna practically has decided on the main points of his Budget. He tells me what is not wanted by the Chancellor are suggestions from amateur financiers. As many as 500 letters have come in a day from people who think the war can be saved by taxing cats or canaries.

The King at Agricultural Hall.

One of the shire horse officials who was in the royal box yesterday when the King visited the Agricultural Hall told me how delighted all the farmers were with his Majesty's intimate knowledge of horse-breeding. The breadth of the hoof, the set-in of the joints, the beautiful "feathering," all these points were duly noted as each massive animal trotted past.

Brazilian Rank.

Did you know that Lady Dundonald was a noblewoman of Brazil? I met her at the Llangattock concert on Tuesday at South Lodge, and was told what I must have heard before that the tenth Earl, the famous sailor, was a commander both in the Greek and Brazilian Navies. So Lady Dundonald is also Marchioness of Maranham.

A Little Too-Too.

Some of the unfledged subalterns in training seem to be unnecessarily polite in giving their orders. "Shun, please" and "About turn . . . Thanks," said a little redundant to the ordinary drill sergeant.

Furniture à la Russe.

Quite the latest thing is to have rooms furnished in Russian style, only Russian furniture being used. The colours are a bit barbaric, and it is best just to confine it to one room in a house, but it makes a very striking change. Russian furniture is, however, very expensive.

Enter the Quizzing Glass.

We still talk about "quizzing," but the word up till now has had very little meaning. For you cannot quiz without a glass, and the quizzing glass was as obsolete as the Sedan chair until a few weeks ago. Now it has returned, and no society function would be considered complete where this dainty little "necessity" did not take a prominent place. If you have been to the Palace lately you have probably quizzed Miss Gina Palerm.



Miss Gina Palerm.

through a pair of opera-glasses. Here you will find Miss Palerm, with her quizzing glass neatly adjusted at precisely the right angle, returning the compliment.

TO-DAY'S GOSSIP

Workers at Hatfield.

I hear that Lady Salisbury has a number of ladies with her at Hatfield, who work in a remarkable room. It is the original banqueting hall of the old palace of the Bishops of Ely, and which, with this exception, was pulled down by the Cecil of 1621 to furnish

Minus the Curl.

I should imagine Mr. Arthur Bouchier to be the busiest actor-manager in London at the moment, for he will produce "The Arm of the Law" for two weeks only, and following that the Claude Duval play, with all the regalia and magnificence of the Charles period. Miss Kyrle Bellew is delighted at the prospect of not having a "pretty" part in the next play, for as the humble peasant girl she has a strong character rôle, and the curl will be quite tucked away out of sight beneath her coloured headress.

From Trench to Commons.

I saw a soldier new from the trenches walk up the floor of the House of Commons last night to take his seat as a suddenly-elected M.P. It was Captain Rankin, who ran home on leave the other day and found himself nominated for East Toxteth in the place of Mr. Marshall Hall, K.C., who had resigned.

In Days of Rapiers.

Tall, war-worn, happy, he paced between the red lines of the carpet to lean by the glittering mace, sign the roll and take the oath. Those two red lines, by the by, are symbolical of fighting. In the days of ruffie and rapier M.P.s went to the House wearing their swords. To this day a member is not allowed to overstep the red lines on the floor, which in old days kept the opposing sides out of sword's reach of one another.

A New Leading Lady.

Miss Annie Saker, who is to play the leading rôle in "The Silver Crucifix" at the Prince of Wales's on Saturday, has been connected with the stage since she was a child. Her first appearance was at the Haymarket Theatre in "Hypatia." Since then she has



Miss Annie Saker.

appeared in an almost bewildering variety of parts. One of her best-known performances was that of Princess Monica in "The Prince and the Beggar Maid" at the Lyceum six years ago.

War-Time Music.

Every time I attend Mr. Isidore De Lara's War Emergency Entertainments I promise myself not to miss another one. The one given at Mrs. Gordon Selfridge's mansion in Portman-square was of the usual excellence. Mlle. Valentine Tessier, that charming and forceful French actress, delighted everybody with her recitations. Mr. Mario Lorenzi played some exquisite compositions of his own on the harp, while Mr. Vladimir Cernikoff's interpretations of Chopin were as unusual as they were enjoyable.

For Prisoners of War.

I learn that the Two Arts Concert at Queen's Hall this afternoon in aid of the Evening News British Prisoners of War Fund is to be a notable event. Amongst the names in the programme I find those of Lady Tree, Miss Ada Crossley, Miss Gladys Cooper, Miss Lilian Braithwaite, Mr. Gerald du Maurier and many other stars of the two arts—music and drama.

Maurice Vignaux.

I don't suppose many of you will remember the name of Maurice Vignaux. But it is not so many years since his was a name to conjure with in Paris sporting circles. Maurice Vignaux was the king of billiards, and a letter from Paris tells me that he has just died. The old gentleman was known as Le Vieux Lion, and no one could approach his excellence for over twenty years. "Jouer comme Vignaux" was a phrase used everywhere.

An M.P.'s Waistcoats.

Mr. Robert Yerburgh, who is retiring from the House of Commons, has been member for Chester since 1886, with the exception of a period of four years when the seat was temporarily captured by Sir Alfred Mond. Mr. Yerburgh enjoys the distinction of being one of the best-dressed men in the House, and his waistcoats have been the subject of admiring comments from the Ladies' Gallery. He has always been keenly interested in the problem of national defence, and for the last sixteen years has been president of the Navy League.



Mr. Robert Yerburgh.

Ragtime Gunners.

An officer writing home from the western front tells me how he often lies awake in his shakedown listening to the "ragtime tap" of our machine-gunners, which goes like this: He says this is the unmistakable sound of our guns, which fire more rapidly than the Germans', and everyone out there knows the "ragtime tap" by heart.

A Cigarette Experiment.

A Regent-street tobacconist told me yesterday he fully expected to see many kinds of tobacco 2s. an ounce before long. He said that a number of his aristocratic clients were experimenting in various ways to cut down their "smoke" bills. One well-known peer has discovered that cigarettes made by hand of just ordinary "shag" beat anything he has ever tried for flavour and coolness. There is quite a "Havana" taste with them, he says.

Mr. John Buchan.

I hear that Mr. John Buchan, whose writings have been so much to the fore during the war, was first librarian and then president of the Oxford Union. Mr. Buchan went out to South Africa with Lord Milner, and one of his recent works, "The Thirty-Nine Steps," is strongly reminiscent, doubtless, of his own experience there, and also bears the imprint of the influence of a brother Scot—Stevenson.

Bridge Prizes.

I hear that women in America have started a new idea for bridge prizes. Mrs. Gary has started the ball by giving United States Steel shares as prizes. I wonder if we shall see Exchequer Bonds similarly dealt with?

H.M. the Baby Deposed.

Formerly it was for Baby that Mr. Policeman held up his hand and stayed foaming horses or panting motor-cars, but now it is the wounded soldier who has deposed H.M. the Baby. I noticed a policeman stop all traffic to allow one solitary wounded "Tommy" to hobble across.

Pleased with Himself.

The new junior subaltern left the mess with the remark that he had an urgent telegram to send. "What's the matter with him?" asked the colonel. "Oh," growled the senior captain, "it's his birthday, and he wants to congratulate his mother."

Polaire's Successor.

Isn't she pretty? This Jingle Bell, now in the new revue, which, strangely as it may sound, is written by the author of "Mr. Wu," Harry M. Vernon. Miss Jean Allistone stepped



Miss Jean Allistone.

into the breach when Polaire left London for her own Paris some months ago, and became a great favourite as a revue artist.

THE RAMBLER.

The Best Thing for Baby

When the mother's milk fails, cow's milk generally takes its place. But it is not in itself a satisfactory substitute. It contains too much casein and too little fat, and is difficult of digestion. This is why so many infants fail to thrive on cow's milk alone. Savory & Moore's Food supplies exactly what is wanted. Made as directed, it provides a diet closely resembling mother's milk, easy of digestion and highly nourishing, on which infants of every age and condition thrive remarkably well. It is inexpensive and easily prepared.

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If your baby is not thriving as it should, suffering perhaps from sickness, constipation, or diarrhoea, Savory & Moore's Food will in all human probability at once put matters right, and set baby on the road to health and happiness.

For the convenience of those who have not yet tried their Food, Messrs. Savory & Moore are making a special offer of **FREE TRIAL TIN**, which will be sent on receipt of the Coupon below with 2d. in stamps for postage. This tin is not a mere sample, but contains sufficient food for a thorough trial. Send at once.

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CUT THIS OUT.

Famous Specialist's Recipe for Catarrhal Deafness and Head Noises.

If you know someone who is troubled with head noises, Catarrhal Deafness, cut out this formula and hand to them, and you will have been the means of saving some poor sufferers, perhaps, from total deafness. Recent experiments have proved conclusively that Catarrhal Deafness, head noises, etc., were the direct cause of constitutional disease, and that salves, sprays, inhalers, etc., merely temporise with the complaint, and seldom, if ever, effect a permanent cure. This being so, much time and money have been spent of late by a noted specialist in perfecting a cure, and this deafness will soon be extinct, is given below in understandable form so that anyone can treat themselves in their own home at little expense.

Secure from your chemist 1oz. Parmitin (Double Strength), about 2s. 9d. worth. Take this home, and add to it 1 pint of hot water and 4oz. of moist or granulated sugar; stir until dissolved. Take one dessertspoonful four times a day.

The first dose promptly ends the most distressing head noises, headache, dullness, cloudy thinking, etc., while the hearing rapidly returns as the system is invigorated by the tonic action of the treatment. Loss of smell and mucus dropping in the back of the throat are other symptoms that show the presence of catarrhal poison, and which are quickly overcome by this efficacious treatment. Nearly 90 per cent. of all ear troubles are directly caused by catarrh; therefore, there are but few people whose hearing cannot be restored by this simple home treatment. Every person who is troubled with head noises, catarrhal deafness, or catarrh in any form, should give this prescription a trial. There is nothing better. (Advt.)

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ZOUAVE'S ACTION.

P 18658



Mr. Rene Meyer-See, a French Army officer, plaintiff in the case in which Sir John Simon appeared as counsel for the first time since his resignation of the Home Secretaryship.

THE KING AND QUEEN AT THE SHIRE HORSE SHOW.

P 8611 D



Their Majesties watching the judging. They afterwards distributed the prizes. The royal visitors had a tremendous reception, and the National Anthem was sung by the assembled thousands when the King and Queen entered the royal box.

A CASE SETTLED

P 18656



Mrs. Geraldine Le Champion, who asked for a judicial separation. A settlement was arrived at.

LORD FRENCH'S TRIBUTE TO THOSE AT HOME.

P 455 E

P 455 E



Declaring the baths open. P 455 E Being welcomed by the Mayor.

HOSPITAL FOR WOUNDED AIRMEN ONLY.

P 706 Y



An officer airman with the helmet of an enemy pilot whom he captured. He is seen in the hospital in Dorset-square, which is run entirely for the benefit of members of the Royal Flying Corps.



Reviewing the Somerset Volunteers in one of the picturesque streets.

Field-Marshal Viscount French opened the new Royal Baths at Bath yesterday. After thanking the Mayor and Corporation for their hospitality to the wounded, he pointed out how the glorious sentiment animating the British people had been a splendid support to those at the front.—(Daily Mirror photographs.)